

The Lord is risen, God of earth and Heaven,
A living Christ who dieth never more,
In vain the maces of earth our hearts assail,
While joys await us on the farther shore.

Yea He is risen, sound the triumphs forth
From hill and dale, let the bright anthems ring,
All that hath breath join in the choral song,
For He is risen, our Saviour and our King.

Caroline Hall.

Meanwhile with impulse born of pitying love
Footsteps were hastening with sweet gifts to cheer
And soon bright emblems of the life in death,
Filled every spot and proved that friends were near.

A forest of pure Callas bowed their heads,
In homage to the royal Jonquils gold,
And regal Tulips bared their blushing cheeks,
Carrying the beauty which their buds unfold.

Green Roses, red and white, their proud heads bent
Acknowledging the sweet breathed mignonnelle,
And Rosebud Princesses their fragrance poured
Down at the feet of modest violet.

Brilliant Geraniums, from sweet Hyacinths
Bared their proud heads, and challenged all the rest,
While stony eyed Narcissus gazed around,
And proudly held her own among the best.

The splendor of Azalia's rosy tree,
Shone forth resplendent from the wealth of bloom,
And fast the modest darlings of the wood,
Spoke of bright hopes from out the winter gloom.

Then memory came with all its rich delights,
Enhanced by bright and rare imaginings,
And the sweet sounds of vanished Easter days,
Circled around like living sentient things.

My Easter joys.

When with the waking sun, I gazed upon
The glories of the Resurrection day,
The boundless limits of my narrow world,
Contrasted sadly with its dazzling ray.

The Lord as risen rose upon my life,
And filled my heart with full and rich content
And by His grace, the saddened Easter morn,
Cheered with bright thoughts, in gratitude was
spent.
